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paint two pictures illustrative of the Italian campaign. One represents the emperor at the battle of Solferino, and the other the Peace of Villafranca—the moment when the two emperors of France and Austria shake hands before mounting their horses. The artist is to visit Italy expressly to obtain a view of the precise spot where the event took place. He will afterward go to Vienna to paint the portrait of Francis Joseph.

GENEVA.—The Art exhibition of this city was opened on the 1st of August. 444 pictures are exhibited by 195 artists. The best historic work is Lugardon's "Calvin declining to administer the Lord's Supper to Libertines." The best landscapes are by Schirmer, Zimmermann, Guigon and Duval.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1859.

Sketchings.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

LEUTZE, who has occupied a studio near Cozzens' hotel the past summer (arranged for his convenience by the worthy and well known host of that hotel), has nearly completed a large national subject, entitled "Washington at Princeton." The battle of Princeton, or that portion of it which the artist gives us, was fought at sunrise on a wintry morning, and on a field covered with snow. The picture represents both time and place, the action being the carrying of a battery of cannon which is posted by a rail fence; beyond this, and receding toward the summit of the hill, are the enemy in full retreat, their horses galloping off with a piece of artillery, while their rear-guard are attempting to bear away the wounded. The advanced columns of the American troops have passed the fence and the line of the battery, and are in hot pursuit of the British, while Washington, in the centre of the picture, follows close upon them at full gallop, holding his hat in his hand, and waving it as he turns round to cheer his followers to a complete victory. The incident is simply and powerfully placed before us. There is all the stir and excitement of battle without confusion or any unnecessary display of its horrors; only two or three dead and wounded figures appear, and these are introduced with great skill and appropriateness. If we were going to analyze the merits of the picture, we would especially dwell on its composition, an element of Art, and a very subtle one, of which Mr. Leutze is a master. The arrangement of his figures on the side of a hill so as to convey the idea of the "up-hill work" of the occasion and the various points, such as bearing off the wounded, the rush and energy of excited soldiers contrasted with the disappointed hopes of the wounded at their feet and the utter unconsciousness of the dead, all of which produce the dramatic power of the picture, are illustrative of this element of Art. The minor details are carefully studied and introduced. The ground with its ice-glaced coating of snow, through which blades of grass and patches of stubble protrude, and the posts and fragments of the broken down zig-zag fence, with the cannon in the midst of them, are all rendered with great truth. "Washington at Princeton" is painted for — McDonald, Esq., of Baltimore.

WHITREDDGE, who has taken a studio in the Tenth Street Building, is now in Cincinnati, where he remains a few weeks to study and finish some pictures began abroad, to fill commis-

sions.—Bierstadt has returned lately from the Rocky Mountains to New Bedford, and has brought with him much material in sketches, photographs, and stereoscopic views. He has some intention of taking a studio in New York.—Crospey, at last dates, was at the Isle of Wight, busily transcribing the coast scenery.—The Graham Art School, at the Brooklyn Institute, for the study of the living figure, commences its sessions early in November.—The Brooklyn Art-Social resumes its meeting with a determination of the members to extend its usefulness.

LEUTZE, Hazeltine and Whitredge have taken studios in the Tenth st. building; Bierstadt, Irving and others are looking out for studios elsewhere, the studio-building being as full as a Broadway omnibus on a rainy day. A new studio-building would be a splendid investment for some capitalist, as there are now more applicants for good studios in this city than can be accommodated.

PHILADELPHIA.—Last spring everything looked prosperous for the interests of Art in this city; at present everything looks gloomy. The erection of a Studio-building, once contemplated, for the convenience of its artists, is abandoned, and the projected club where Art was to have been occasionally talked about, has fallen through. The artists of Philadelphia are in consequence deserting the place. Mr. Sully proposes to pass the winter in Savannah, and Mr. Lambdin, senior, is to go to Washington. The younger men are hastening to New York. Hazeltine and Richards have already secured studios in New York; and Lambdin, junior, will probably follow in the course of a year. The works that are painted in Philadelphia seem to find purchasers elsewhere; for instance, Richards has just completed a careful landscape study of Pre-Raphaelite fidelity; and G. C. Lambdin a figure-piece, one of his gems of child-life—a little girl playing with a moth under the shadow of a rose-bush; both of which have been taken by Mr. Walters, of Baltimore. In addition to these, Lambdin has painted a picture for Kensett, and one for T. G. Appleton, Esq., of Boston; both of whom are artists. When artists buy each other's works there must be merit in them. Why all these signs of discouragement exist, is to us a puzzle, unless they are due to a spirit of dilettanteism, which prevails in Philadelphia, and checks the development of its local talent. Such a spirit is, as has been remarked to us, "a fearful drawback to the progress of living Art." Quitting the negative for the positive facts of Art-encouragement in Philadelphia, we find that Rothermel has resumed his labors here, having taken a studio in the Washington Building. The pictures exhibited by Mr. R. in Paris, are to be seen in his studio. While in Rome he painted a "St. Agnes," which was purchased by a Russian; we believe that he is to repeat the subject for a gentleman in Philadelphia. Schuessle has nearly finished his picture of "General Jackson's trial at New Orleans."

WASHINGTON.—Not knowing what steps have been or are to be taken in respect to the next convention of artists at Washington, we simply call attention to the fact that the time for its assembling approaches. It is hoped that the artists will interest themselves in it individually and collectively, and thereby support the Art-Commission (whose appointment is due to the convention), in their indispensable and arduous duties.

BOSTON.—Ball has completed a bust of Choate, which is, a correspondent says, "an honest piece of work;" it is satisfactory as a likeness to the friends of this distinguished orator, and impressive on account of its dignity. Brackett has also modelled one of the same subject, and Stephenson another. In addition to the sculptured mementoes of Choate, we chronicle

a portrait of him by Ames.—Wight has painted a half-length sitting figure of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, at her spinning-wheel.—The ship Josiah Quincy, from Leghorn, reported lost, had on board a lot of casts for the Athenæum.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW HAVEN, Sept., 1859.

Dear Crayon:

I CANNOT stop to tell you of the delightful sail up the Sound on the good steamer "Elm City," of the clear, pure air and delicious sunshine, of the changing panorama of shore and of cloud, nor of the dazzling sunset over the water, when nature mingled together her gold and purple, tinting with a thousand dyes the land and sea, and weaving the glorious tapestry of heaven from threads of sunlight and shadow. All these delights and more, every one has seen who has sailed up the Sound on a summer afternoon. They will not forget, either, the tedious half-hour spent in warping the boat into the wharf, after arrival, nor the monotonous sound of "Carriage, sir," bawled out by a dozen heavy chested hackmen. But once landed, we will not stop to mention how we were done up, both mind and body, in a fold of sleep at the "New Haven House," for this well ordered hotel needs no comment from us. Let us rather jump over time till morning; aye, till noon, if you like, and we will stand upon the beach at Morris Cove, the frowning headland like a sentinel close beside you, and there looking over the blue opalescent waves, allow ourselves to drink in the unalloyed inspiration of nature, as the eye wanders from the verdure-robed city we have just left, down the sunny coast to the white speck upon the horizon, like an albatross sleeping upon the bosom of the bay, which we are told is Stratford lighthouse; and then, far out to sea, where the white ships are gliding, and the wave crests are shattered into foamy stars and dancing amid the blue; and then, along the quiet current leading from the lighthouse a mile away, around to your very foot, where the surf is careering to the sport of the wind. It requires but a few hours of time to realize all this. I have roamed over the autumn hills and across the flower-sprinkled marshes, around the ruined walls of old "Fort Hale," and the redoubt upon "Beacon Hill," now scarcely traceable in the briar and sumach bushes growing over it. These landmarks of our National Independence loom up out of the twilight of years, over which the mantle of patriotic sympathy is spread, making them hallowed shrines to every true American heart. Shall we take a turn through the Trumbull Gallery? It stands a legacy to Dame Yale, yet, really, it belongs to the nation. For all their pretended cleaning up and protection against damp from the walls, and dust and smoke from below, the pictures are not properly cared for, judging from what I saw of them. They *should* be as reverently kept as any boon the country holds. She cannot afford to lose them, if Yale College can, and if the latter *will* not protect them, the nation should. New Haven has little in the way of Art to be proud of, except these, but she seems to think that this gallery, in conjunction with old Yale's classic walls, is sufficient to give her a standing among cities where Art is fostered with watchful care. In this she is mistaken. The bare walls of her fine parlors claim their dower of canvas on which the artist has set his soul's signet, and her alcoves are waiting the virgin marble, breathed into form by the sculptor's hand. Let us stop and take breath now, before starting for West Mountain, where I propose to guide you at some future time.

W.

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

Of the quality of the *literary taste of this country*, an idea may be had in the following statistical statement taken from the "National Intelligencer":

The people of the United States show a strong predilection for a light and fictitious literature. Of two thousand old and new volumes issued in this country in a year, it is said that about one half are works of fiction or imagination. In France only about one-ninth are works of the same class, and in England works of fancy constitute one-seventh of the whole number published.

Some "satirical rogue" makes the comparison for two reasons: first, in order to reflect upon, without directly attacking, the laudable assertions of patriotic newspapers, that we are the most intelligent people of the universe; and secondly, to show the great results that flow from common school instruction. Considering the comparative inferiority of France to this country in respect to its literature as well as government, would it not be well to send not only political missionaries to the French people, but literary missionaries also? Will any romantic school teacher or editor offer his services?

A WRITER in the "Home Journal" describes *searching for the Beautiful* as if an experienced hand at it:

With the thermometer in the vicinity of one hundred degrees, what art is fine, except that of keeping cool, and yet with most the avocations of life must continue; and with artists, especially, few give themselves uninterrupted holiday, albeit scarcely one can be found in his city studio and accustomed haunts. The figure painters are visiting kindred or fortunate country friends—searching the while for materials and themes for their pictures in progress or contemplation. Portrait painters are doing the provincial towns, or those who can't come to the city to be taken; while the landscape men are gathering stock in every direction. How we pity them during this fearful swelter: rising with the dawn, that they may study the sunrise and the dew on the grass—working with zealous enthusiasm until breakfast, at something in the neighborhood of their lodgings. Then comes the long tramp, laden with paint-box and sketching-seat, while a boy carries the umbrella, easel, canvas, and traps, to the site for the study. The assistant dismissed, with injunctions to come after sunset, the labor of the day begins with intense delight. How glorious is the scene, with the sun three or four hours high, casting streaks of light athwart the meadow, revealing the anatomy of the mountains, broad hillsides in quiet shadow, while distant villages and spires gleam amid the dark trees! What a glow in the sky, what a sheen on the river; how mellow the distance, how full of interest the foreground; what a ravishing odor is distilled from the grape-blossom and clover! In the pleasant shade of a wide-spreading tree the easel is pitched, and in a frenzy of keenest perception the palette is set, the drawing carefully made in all its detail; then, lighting a cigar to enhance its zest, the rapture begins—dash, dash, rub, rub, wriggle, wriggle, goes the brush over the surface of the sky, blending in gradation color and tone. Among the woods echo with the song—"How happy and free, is the artist he; blushing, flushing, scheming, dreaming, beauties entrancing, nature enhancing, toiling blithely, toiling merrily." Fleety goes the first hour: the shadows are contracting, the mountains are losing their masses of light and shadow, the hillside is beginning to look like patch-work. What an infinity of middle-ground detail, where all was so broad and simple one hour ago. What a snarl the foreground is in, what a glare is on the river. There goes the shadow of the protecting tree, creeping little by little northward. Enthusiasm begins to ooze: look at the imitation sky—it is full of knots, immolated in half dry color. There goes a caterpillar through the carefully manipulated wet mass of foliage, dragging a serpentine line of green slime across the beautifully gradated translucent reach in the river. How the mosquitoes are beginning to bite; the cool morning breeze has

died away, the sand-flies have discovered a feast, and are summoning the swarms to partake. There go the ants and ticks up the inviting opening of the pantaloons. What hecatombs of insects have died the dolphin's death amid the prismatic pigments on the palette! The sun has wheeled to the zenith: how flat and monotonous, brazen and scorchy is the landscape now. Disgusted, but not in despair, the searcher of the beautiful under difficulties abandons his task for a nooning; unwraps his lunch, uncorks his pocket-pistol, fires it off two or three times, and ventures a dose till the sun begins his descent. Tucking up his head in his bandana, he passes into the dream paradise of the just and industrious, to the lull of distant waterfall and the drowsy concert of animated nature. It is not impossible that he awakes with a clap of thunder, to find his easel capsized, his umbrella sailing away before the gust far down the hill or over the precipice, bugs meandering over his palette, toads in possession of his paint-box, the mountains obscured in the bellowing tornado, the distant village engulfed in the moving water-spout fast hastening hither, the river lashed into fury, no hope of a sunset, no shelter, no boy, and the nearest house a mile over the bogs. Yet, fair reader, when the leaves have all fallen in the autumn, you will smile a welcome on the artist as he comes back to the roar of Babylon, with his tawny skin, brown hands, and undaunted spirit. When the windows are closed, the fire lit in the grate, you must muffle up, brave the winter blast, and clamber his three pair of stairs, where you will find summer reproduced in all its glory and plenitude: you will exclaim, "How lovely! how enchanting; what a spot to pass a holiday in!" How the firmament glows, how the river gleams, how the mountains shimmer through the haze. With you remains the pleasure of the song—with him the pain, the travail, the ache of limb and brain, and all to gladden you. We can fancy this army of workers—some in the marshes, some on the mountains, some wrestling with the forests, some upbraiding waves on the sea-shore—gathering, gleaming, moiling, toiling. With the shortening days they will be back again. Think of the difficulties, and oft the struggles, when you would shrug your condemnatory shoulders, or the lips begin to pucker for a pish.

In a review of several late publications on *Dante*, a writer in an English periodical says, truly enough, that "to appreciate a story and to enjoy poetical passages, is a very different thing from comprehending a work of art in its entirety," and then inquires into the grounds of the admiration of Dante that has grown up of late in England. From the latter part of his remarks in this connection we quote the two paragraphs that follow:

The massive simplicity in design of the great Italian epic makes it even more difficult to explain why the study of such a book has been resumed in England. There cannot be much spiritual affinity between the generations of the last forty years, "who have lived without infamy and without praise," and the man whose loves and hatreds transcended time. As surely as the gates of the baptistery outweigh in intrinsic worth all the cubic feet of brick which the present generation has piled up in viaducts and crystal palaces, so certain is it that a nobler life was lived by those few thousand burghers who did battle with thought and the sword for church or empire, than is now enjoyed by the many millions of men in whose mouths the greatest ideas of time are topics of conversation, and nothing more. The contemporary of Dante had at least a clear perception of the great struggle of the day, and a hearty faith in the cause which he himself espoused, whether he drew the sword for pope or emperor, whether he valued spiritual thought or political life most highly; and he fought in no illiberal spirit to subordinate, not to destroy, the cause which he combated. But the present age is the Hamlet of history, having inherited greater duties than it can perform, and thoughts that perplex and overpower it. It is melancholy to reflect how many grand ideas—any one of which might serve as the watchword of an age—are nothing more than the playthings of dilettantist philanthropy,

gossiped over in *salons*, wrought into the mosaic of sermons, or embodied in the plots of philosophical novels. Peace and war, commerce and abstract thought, self-culture and passion, are all complements of the universal creed which has based a Catholic faith on the union of contradictions. So much confusion of purpose is not merely attended with practical inefficiency. It is a sign of grave moral obliquity, when earnestness is supposed to co-exist with an acquiescence in a thousand conventional hypocrisies, and when men believe in a progress that has not landed them in a single definite truth. Of course, even this state is better than actual retrogression—certainly cannot be purchased by taking refuge in a lie. But that which all society wants, the something that may live beyond the grave, must be derived from men of a different stamp than those who acquiesce either in worn-out shifts for thought or in the actual *status quo*.

Yet we think it is something more than the consummate charm of the noblest poetry in the world that has given the *Divina Commedia* a fresh popularity. There is a large class of minds to whom the contrast between possibilities and facts in our everyday life at present is a cause of undissembled misery. Some of these take a morbid pleasure in dissecting the secret of their own weakness, and have created an appropriate school of Art, in which the triumph of passion and circumstances over will is represented as the real drama of existence. The whole morbid and contemptible school of social novels in France, and of spasmodic poetry in England, represents this tendency in the public mind. But others are led by the blind impulse to struggle upward into a purer atmosphere, and at least to see the summits which truer men have reached. The secret of Dante's power will, therefore, be found in the magic which a clear aim in life and a steady vision of the invisible throw about every effort of thought and will. He did not regard his acts as a mere accident of his destiny. To have suffered in a great cause was second only to the glory of having believed in it. The personal love that had purified him was worthy, therefore, to become a portion of the world's history with which he himself was identified. To believe in a great order in which all things have their appointed place—to see that man has a part in it by the heart no less than by the will—are the commonplaces on which all philosophy and all Art have been based—which every age repeats, and which only the highest moral sense can apprehend, or the most perfect artist render. It is Dante's glory that he was at once workman and man, and it must be counted among the redeeming points of a garrulous, purposeless generation, that it can do homage to the reflected beauty of a life which is not its own.

No precepts in regard to dress are of *much* service to a person without natural taste; and yet being of *some* service they ought to be circulated. We accordingly reprint the following sensible paper, entitled *Well Dressed*, from Dickens' *All the Year Round*.

A woman fond of dress, is a term of opprobrium. What does this condemnatory phrase mean—if it has any meaning? Is it that the woman neglects her mind, her manners, her husband, and her children, whilst she trims tawdry yellow with sky blue? Or that she tries to be neat, clean, and clothed in a manner becoming her position in life, her age, her figure, and her complexion? Dress has been described as affording an index to a woman's character. It does more; it actually affects her character. A woman well dressed, and conscious of being well dressed, becomes a very different person when she is put into slatternly clothes. In the first position she respects herself; in the second she feels not only discontented with herself, but with her neighbors. Goldsmith, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, says: "A suit of mourning has transformed my Coquette into a Prude, and a new set of ribbands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity."

It is a question open to some debate whether manners have affected dress, or dress manners. No one can deny that the one has always reacted on the other. Stiff, elaborate dress is connected with stiff and courtly manners; the high-flown compliment, the minuet, the

revolta. No knight could have borne arms in defence of a Bloomer, nor could the most determined lover drink a toast out of a Balmoral boot. The hair in long ringlets, or wrapped round a classic brow, speaks of poetry, music, painting, and all that is refined. We imagine these visionary personages thus clothed, walking on some pleasant terrace, feeding a peacock, whose graceful plumage harmonizes with the costume of its fair owner. A woman is decidedly an imitative animal; and, when you put her into the wide-awake, the short skirt, the jacket, into the pockets of which she is very apt to thrust her hands, you will generally find her sayings curt, her laugh loud, and her talk not a little inclining to slang.

We applaud a connoisseur who buys a picture because it is a beautiful piece of color. Why should we not have these charming combinations in women's dress? How often a little bit of scarlet velvet, well placed, gives value and tone to the dress! When the eye is cultivated, it is as irritable as a musical ear, and equally pained by discord. In many pictures, the sole charm arises from harmony of color—a harmony which the eye drinks in with delight. The French have an innate sense of color; we see this in all the trifles that adorn their shops; a little box is painted with two colors which are so harmonious, that it is a delight to look at them. The English choose two colors, but as long as they are opposed to each other, they consider that sufficient; but these, being often discords, give pain.

As you look from your window in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; but then, what a toilette! Not only suitable for the season, but to the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and, more than all, how well they suit each other. Not one color appearing at another color. We have been imitating the French for centuries in the matter of dress; yet, how little we have succeeded in learning from them? If we were asked what would secure success in dress, we should answer, Freshness, before all things; better a clean muslin than tumbled satin. A lady once held up a collar and said, "Is it soiled?" "Yes," "Why, you never looked at it." "No; but if there is any doubt, it is soiled."

You ought never to buy an article because you can afford it. The question is, whether it is suitable to your position, habits, and the rest of your wardrobe. There are certain clothes that require a carriage to be worn in, and are quite unfit for walking in the streets. Above all, do not buy wearing apparel because it is mis-called cheap. There is no such thing; cheap clothes are dear wear. The article is unsalable because it is either ugly, vulgar, or entirely out of date. One reason why you see colors ill-arranged, is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That paraisol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. An enormous sum of money is spent yearly upon women's dress; yet how seldom a dress is so arranged as to give the beholder any pleasure! To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but, to be dressed with taste, is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. We have seen foolish gowns, arrogant gowns. Women are too often tempted to imitate the dress of each other, without considering

The difference of climate and complexion.

The colors which go best together, are green with violet; gold color with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and grey with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Grey and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors.*

The first inquiry you must make, if you wish to be well dressed, is into your defects of figure and complexion. Your beauties you are

already sufficiently well acquainted with. You are short: you should not wear flounces, nor stripes going round the figure. You are fat: don't wear a check. You have high shoulders: avoid a shawl, which is very graceful when well put on by a tall woman, but ugly when dragged across the bosom as if to hide an untidy gown. To look well, a shawl must be large; no arrangement can make a small shawl look well.

All imitations are bad. They deceive no one, and, the first gloss having passed off, they stand revealed for what they are; not for what they pretend to be. Let the cotton be cotton, and not pretend to be silk. A velvet dress is a prudent purchase. It never looks too fine, and, with the addition of lace and flowers, is suitable for any occasion. It is, of all materials, the most becoming to the skin. Satin is not so, because more glossy than the skin itself; so diamonds, being brighter than the eyes, serve to dim rather than to brighten them.

It is impossible to speak too strongly on the subject of selecting colors that suit the complexion and hair. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming: not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks and lips; and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach color is perhaps one of the most elegant colors worn. We still think with pleasure of Madame d'Arbly's Camille in a dress of peach-colored silk, covered with India muslin, and silver ribbons. We forgive her for having run into debt for it. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. Whatever the color or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all: the lace round the bosom and sleeves, the flowers—in fact, all that furnishes the dress. Above all, the ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the head, and the flowers that are worn in the hair should decorate the dress.

Ornaments should never be merely and evidently worn as ornaments. Jewels, flowers, and bows, should do some duty. They should either loop up a skirt, or fasten on lace, tulle, etc. There should be some reason for placing them; a bow of ribbon that has no mission, is a fault. Flying streamers are unpardonable. Milton's description of Dalilah does not prepossess us in her favor:

Sails fill'd and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds, that hold them play.

Nothing looks worse than a veil flying behind your bonnet. Either draw it over your face, or leave it at home.

We have not yet mentioned the subject of dressing the hair. By attention to this much may be done to decrease the defects of the face. If this be too long, the hair should be arranged so as to give width; if too short, the hair should be plaited and put across the fore part of the head, or turned back, which, if the forehead be low, gives height, and an open expression.

We have not, perhaps, pressed sufficiently strongly on the necessity of the dress being suitable for the hour. No dress, however charming, is admissible in a morning but one strictly fit for that time of day. Every woman, whatever her station in life, has duties to perform in the forepart of the day; and to see a lady ordering the dinner, or arranging the wardrobe in satin and artificial flowers, would be simply ridiculous. A velvet jacket may appear at the breakfast-table; but the simpler and neater the costume the better. All jewelry in a morning is in bad taste. Cobbett warns a man against a woman "fond of hardware." The imitations of gems which are frequently worn, are not only in bad taste, but are absurd. Pearls, which, if real, would be a monarch's ransom, and mock diamonds, before which the Koo-inoor looks small, are sometimes heaped upon tasteless persons in terrible profusion.

Some years ago, we English imitated our neighbors, the French, in wearing almost entirely stone-coloured, or grey dresses; but we neglected the ribbons of either scarlet or pink, with which they enlivened those grave colors. Another of our great mistakes, is to suppose that

* See "Vade-Mecum of Color," by Wilkinson, in the July and August numbers of the CRAYON of this year.

a ball-dress, when its freshness is gone, will do for a dinner or evening dress. There are some small folk, who appear on the first of May, to whom it would be a suitable and welcome present. Gloves and shoes are most important; a new pair of well-fitting gloves add wonderfully to any dress, morning or evening. Cobbett, in his work, *Advice to Young Men*, says, "When you choose a wife, look to see how she is shod, if her shoes and stockings are neat: a slipshod woman is a poor look-out."

We do not advocate spending much money upon dress; but we ask to have it spent with thought and tact in its arrangement and color. We all know beautiful women—wise, good, charming women—whose dress is generally totally deficient in taste, and we ask for the same improvement in mixing colors in dress that our artists, our architects, and the stage now display to us. How much of our associations with people depend, upon dress! Elizabeth's "muslin mane" seems needed for her character. Mary Queen of Scots only rises before us in her black velvet, and the cap which bears her name; and the vision of Laura is not complete without the dress of green velvet and violets which Petrarch did not disdain to chronicle.

SPEAKING OF Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir David Wilkie says:

"His likenesses were celebrated as the most successful of his time; yet no likenesses exalted so much or refined more upon the originals. He wished to seize the expression rather than copy the features. His attainment of likenesses was most laborious. One distinguished person who favored him with forty sittings for his head alone, declared he was the slowest painter he ever sat to, and he had sat to many. He would draw the portrait in chalk, the size of life, on paper, this occupied but one sitting, but that sitting lasted nearly one whole day. He next transferred this outline from the paper to the canvas; his picture and sitter were placed at a distance from the point of view; where, to see both at a time, he had to traverse all across the room before the conception which the view of his sitter suggested could be proceeded with. In this incessant transit his feet had worn a path through the carpet to the floor, while exercising freedom both of body and mind; each traverse allowing time for invention, while it required an effort of memory between the touch on the canvas, and the observation from which it grew."

BACK AND FRONT.—An Irish newscarrrier, who sometimes courts the muses, has given his idea of the church building taste of the people of America in the following lines, which contain more truth than poetry:

"They puts up a front to the street,
Like old Westminster Abbey,
But thin they thinks to chate the Lord,
And builds the back part shabby."

Builder.

OBITUARY.

CHARLES M. LEUPP.—During the present year death has overtaken many of our most valued citizens. Men long and favorably known—men whose whole lives have been consecrated to public usefulness—have paid the debt of nature. Amongst the latest of these it is our melancholy duty to record the death of Charles M. Leupp, which occurred on the fifth of October last. Like the foremost men of our community, Mr. Leupp was the architect of his own fortune; after many years of toil and commercial enterprise, fortune smiled upon him, and he honored it by appreciating her gifts in the most useful and intelligent manner. Having read, studied and associated with many of our most accomplished men, he was soon led to interest himself, not only in financial and benevolent institutions, but in the ennobling cause of Art. His many profitably spent visits to Europe made him familiar with the master-pieces of Art, and this, combined with his sympathies and associations at home, led him to interest himself in the progress of Art in his own country. He felt that though young as a nation, we had

the materials for an original and powerful development of Art, and that with liberal support and intelligent appreciation we would soon take a noble stand by the side of other countries. To this object he devoted his thoughts and a most liberal share of his ample resources. Would that all of our successful merchants would imitate his patriotic example. The liberal support and the warm and hearty appreciation of Art is to our artists what capital is to our enterprising young merchants. Mr. Leupp felt this, and hence his devotion to the cause, and to the cordial friendships which he formed with those whose interests he so generously fostered.

We fully sympathize with the public in deploring the loss of such a man, and honor the instinct which leads it to mourn over his untimely end. In private life Mr. Leupp was highly appreciated both on account of his retiring habits and his fine social qualities. Hospitable, urbane and frank, he won the good will and sympathy of every one that came within his social circle; no one left his company without bearing away the pleasantest impressions of him, both as a warm friend and as an honored citizen.

We deem it unnecessary to go into a detail of the events of Mr. Leupp's useful life, or the circumstances of his connection with our public institutions. All this may be reserved for another occasion, when ampler justice can be done to his memory.

EXHIBITIONS.

PAGE'S VENUS.—This work, now on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery, represents a nude female at sea, of the size of life, standing upon a diminutive scollop-shell, which is drawn by two doves and attended by two cupids; three Greek galleys appear on the horizon in the distance. That artistic power is displayed on this canvas cannot be denied, but that the picture is remarkable for beauty, character or sentiment is quite another thing. We have not been able to detect either.

At M. Knödler's new establishment on the corner of Broadway and Ninth st.—Goupil's Art Gallery—may be seen three fresh examples of the genius of Rosa Bonheur, together with many superior little cabinet pictures by French artists of the highest reputation. We noticed among the latter, fine works by Plassan, Chavet, De Joughe, Lemmens, Compté-Calix, and others. A more entertaining and choice collection is not often visible. There is also on exhibition at the same place a statue of Washington, by Powers, representing him in the regalia of a Free Mason.

At the Cooper Institute is an exhibition of sculpture by the Chevalier Petrich, consisting of a statue of "Tecumseh," a group called "Charity," and four busts of the "Seasons."

Literary Record.

THE IDYLS OF THE KING. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The popular instinct as to the poetical character of Mr. Tennyson was plainly to be seen in the constantly recurring question—*Is Tennyson a poet?* Had our poet the power to comprehend his age and to poetize its spirit, no such question would ever have been set afloat. But the popular instinct had no expository power, no principle of judgment by which to resolve its own question. Hence the apathy into which it has fallen, leaving to blind fate to deal with Mr. Tennyson as it deals with